

# Sunday Advertiser.

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SUNDAY : : : : : JULY 22.

## DAMS AND PUMPS.

The preference for a dam at the head of Nuuanu valley over the high lift pump and artesian well system was due, in part, to a difference of \$180,000 per year in expenses. It was felt that, in the existing state of public finances, Honolulu could not afford the luxury of pumping water up hill and must content itself with the ancient and economical process of impounding rain and spring water and letting it flow down hill. That this decision was wise as well as economical is a fact which will not be affected by Engineer Kellogg's findings, however adverse they may be to the stability of the dam which has been partly built. It remains true that a sound dam can be constructed.

We speak of these things because it is morally certain that, if Engineer Kellogg's report is adverse to the Nuuanu dam, the artesian-well-and-lift-pump advocates will make themselves heard in favor of their once-rejected policy. This paper opposed them at the start and shall continue to oppose them on grounds of economy and will continue to support the Nuuanu dam proposition in the belief that there is nothing in the character of the ground to affect the stability of the structure. All that is needed is good engineering work and this may always and easily be had.

There are a hundred impounding dams in the United States to every high lift pump; and there are reservoirs still in use, in Asia, which were constructed by the ancients and have withstood the ravages of time and earthquake. Impounded surface water is the cheapest supply of cities and only constitutes a source of danger where the plain guarantees of safety have been slighted or overlooked.

## NICHOLAS AND THE DOUMA.

The ukase of the Czar, dissolving his first Parliament, has been issued. Once before, in the early days of the session, when it was seen that the members were not willing to submit humbly to the dictation of the appointed upper House, a threat to dissolve the Parliament was made. On that occasion the Douma flatly refused to accept any summary dismissal, meeting the Emperor's threats by demands upon him for enlarged liberties, among them the freedom of speech, the freedom of the press and the abolishment of the death penalty, while the tone of the speeches in the Douma was distinctly hostile to the Emperor.

Since that time the Russian ship of state has drifted nearer and nearer the rocks of revolution and anarchy. From Finland on the north to the Crimean ports on the south come daily tales of riot, assassination, mutiny and rebellion. Finland is importing arms, Poland is seething with rebellion, encircling the old and new capitals, Moscow and St. Petersburg, are armed peasants demanding a share of the land and dealing out death to their landlords, while within the capital itself the police are mutinous, the citizens riotous and the very guards of the Emperor on the verge of revolt.

That the Douma, which has tasted power and felt its strength, will submit to be blotted out now is doubtful. An attempt to force it into submission would seem to be applying the match to the powder magazine. Something is needed to unite the revolutionary factions and the dissolution of the Douma might well be the beginning of the end.

## WHEN LONDON HEARD THE NEWS.

English Files of 1776.

The Morning Chronicle and London Advertiser of August 14, 1776, announced:

Copies of the Declaration of War by the Provincials are now in town, and are said to be couched in the strongest terms—that having now drawn the sword in defense of all that is dear to them, they are determined never to sheath it till a full compensation is made for the cruel oppressions they have sustained.

The British Chronicle of August 16 printed the Declaration of Independence in full, and the other papers straggled along, printing the document in instalments.

The British were, of course, ignorant of what was occurring in America, and in lieu of news, they turned their attention to personalities. The Morning Post of August 25 laid before its readers this screed:

Arnold, the commander-in-chief of the rebels in Canada, once kept the intelligence office in the archway leading from St. Paul's Churchyard to Doctors' Commons, and having in an intrigue expended more than his finances would admit, was tempted to try his fortune on the highway.

This step obliged him to decamp, and to take up his residence among the saints, a race of men among whom such conduct can hardly be held disgraceful, as they derive their origin principally from pickpockets and reprobate felons. Accordingly, as no better man could be found in this land of heroes, he was opposed to Carleton.

Plunder being the object of Congress in the expedition to Canada, they chose, with great propriety, a thief and a robber for the leader.

## OLD-TIME YELLOW JOURNALISM.

Hancock, the President of the Congress, is a ruined, and, therefore, a discontented smuggler.

Adams, a pettifogger, was, for want of common honesty, refused a place under Government.

Lee, because not appointed to a regiment out of his turn, joined these desperadoes.

Have we not reason to believe that Washington and Putnam, the Judas and Theudas of America, will share their fate? The hand of heaven must be against unnatural rebels, who, in hopes of repairing their own ruined fortunes, bring famine, nakedness, and the sword upon a deluded multitude.

Editorial comment, in our sense, was very scarce. This declaration was printed in the Morning Post of August 19:

The Congress have acted with utter impolicy, in declaring the United Colonies free and independent States; for, after such an avowal of their Republican principles, every European power must now abandon them to the punishment due to their villainy and folly.

The Gazetteer of a day later came out with a caustic commentary attributing the war to the desire of a few men to revenge themselves at the expense of the nation's honor:

The secret counsels of a few are the cause of all this mischief; and it becomes the public of all ranks to turn their eyes and attention to those few and make them answerable for their conduct. The people cry out to their Sovereign for the lives of their fellow subjects, lost in a fruitless, inglorious contest. They cry for justice against those by whose counsels half the British Empire is lost, the treasures of the nation wasted, its forces employed in wreaking the revenge of a few, the safety of the kingdom endangered, and the reputation both of Prince and people tarnished in the eyes of all Europe.

## A CITY'S SHAKEN NERVES.

(By a Fire Insurance President.)

"The one thing that most impressed me, outside the ruin wrought by fire," said he, "was the nervous condition of all the people who passed through those days of horror. Thousands of families have moved away from the city because at least one member of a family has shattered nerves and cannot stand it to live where there are daily earth tremors and constant reminders of the times of terror. For instance, a deacon of one of the churches told me that after the experiences of the first few days had shattered his wife's nerves, he managed to steal his own automobile, which the government had appropriated, and took her to Los Angeles. Now he is obliged to sell his 'Frisco property and business and go to Los Angeles, as his wife cannot return. I was entering the house of a friend of mine just after a slight tremor, and there in the sitting-room was his daughter, a fine, healthy-looking girl of apparently sound nerves, going into hysterics. On the train coming home was an experienced surgeon, a man of middle age and good nerve, who had passed through the strenuous days doing a

# THE BYSTANDER



Honolulu's Eating Joints.  
Queer Postal Cards.  
Debilitated Fish.  
The Home Rulers.

The Elite Ice Cream Parlor—Phoebus, what a name!—having come to grief and the Sheriff, offers a good man the chance of his life. Under some of its managements the "parlor" was a swell place for good candy, fair bakestuffs, indifferent meals and hanky-panky ice cream; and generally speaking it had the most insolent and incompetent lot of young Chinese waiters that ever I saw in Honolulu. Yet it was and is the prettiest place we have for a restaurant and ought to be continued as one.

Somebody said the other day that the Elite would be a fine location for a 75-cent French restaurant, and so it would if we had the well-to-do Bohemian population which a French restaurant requires. But the lively, ground-floor, non-saloon restaurant business in Honolulu is confined to people who want wholesome food, quickly and well-served and at a moderate price, variety being one of the strong points. In other words the call is for a Dairy Kitchen with delicatessen features—and it is a loud call, too.

I am and have been for many years a patron of Honolulu restaurants and I know them all. Their strong and weak points can summon me any day as a competent witness; but there isn't one that meets the average man's need.

For instance! If I want a smoking dish of home-made pork and beans, with hot Boston brown bread on the side, where am I going to get it? When I ask for this savory and substantial food I get canned beans, which may be devil take, and I pay the price of a whole can for my small portion.

If I want a bowl of bread and milk I get just enough milk for the family cat, creamless milk at that and the teething-ring bread of bakeries.

If I want German toast I don't find it on the bill of fare. In one restaurant they make an imitation to order, using duck eggs.

If I ask for fried salt pork with cream gravy, the whole to be smothered with fried apples, the Asiatic waiter totters off to the kitchen, talks with some other Asiatics and comes back to say "No got!"

If I want the plebeian apple dumpling, for dessert, as I frequently do, I am asked to take a machine-made jelly roll instead.

If I want a dish of cottage cheese I must go, on certain days, to a high-priced hotel and get it with a spice of garlic in the soapy French cream which half submerges and wholly spoils the New England delicacy.

If I want hot biscuits and honey like mother used to set out I don't get them. Me for cold rolls and plain butter.

If I ask for a draught of fresh buttermilk I am informed that "We used to get it from Tom McInerney but haven't had any since he stopped selling it."

If I want a chicken pie or part of one, without any cold storage flavor to the chicken, I am told that the restaurant is just out.

If I want some broiled ham, a wide yet dainty cut, from which the salt has been fairly well extracted before cooking, I get some hard, unruly stubs of ham which are intended to make you buy something to drink.

If I want baked Indian pudding I am given my choice between rice pudding and a sunken-chested fried pie.

If I want some genuine, old-fashioned, corned beef hash, Caesar's wife brand, I have to take a hectic substitute against which the most sacred memories of childhood's happy home revolt—the corned beef hash of Yuen-Yuen or Yung-Ching, with the smell of punk in its choppy-sloppy recesses.

Suppose, as a little side issue I want a heaping bowl of fresh, unburnt, well-buttered and seasoned popcorn, like they have in New York's Dairy Kitchen. Why, man, I might as well ask for a platter of bees-knees with petunia sauce.

What you get instead?—but don't ask me. I am sick and tired of the commonplace menus which the ground-floor restaurants set before me, day by day, and I'll not repeat them here.

So give me and hundreds like me the clean, bright, Dairy Kitchen, the wholesome things in plenty. And put the Kitchen right in that Hotel street "parlor," please, where one can easily get to it.

And if a man drops in as a reporter did to a downtown cafe and only orders a ten-cent glass of milk, don't take back his napkin because his order is small. He might order more next time.

There are lots of queer things in this Honolulu picture postal card business. Since the postoffice shut down on the nude or semi-nude kind, people have been mailing their cards at the wharf. They are not bad cards, as a rule, but the information which goes with them is something to disturb the liver. A picture of Liliuokalani may be inscribed: "The reigning sovereign of Hawaii; widow of the last Kamehameha." A group of poi-pounders are tagged: "Preparing the Hawaiian native drink." One man who sent out a picture of festooned hula girls wrote that the fatted dancers were "Honolulu society women in full dress." All this, of course, concerns the vagaries of persons; but what about selling picture cards so colored as to represent the Young Hotel as a red brick structure or the Hawaiian Hotel as a fawn-colored villa with a green roof. Then cards with pictures of California three-tiered surf rolling in with terrific force are sent out with "the compliments of Honolulu." One of these counterfeits is a view of Point Loma from Coronado Beach, labeled, "A summer day at Waikiki," or something of the kind. Lucky for us if the Chicago packing houses are not made to figure on these cards, as the baronial castles of Hawaii's millionaire planters.

There is nothing that will send a man to the hospital with ptomaine poisoning sooner than spoiled fish. It is bad medicine. For years Honolulu looked after its fish supplies with a keen and discriminating eye and is supposed to be doing so yet. At least a fish inspector is on the payroll. Nevertheless a lot of decayed fish are being sold at the market with results that may soon be seen in the mortuary records. Whether precinct politics are to blame for the let-up in inspection I don't know; if they are, the Board of Health should borrow an axe and attend to the unpleasant details.

Pride in his port but submission in his eye, our friend Nottley passes from the leadership of the Home Rule party. At least that is the news I hear from the hula-hula belt. It is said that the Home Rulers are going Democratic and have no use for leaders who lead them against the stone wall of American party organization. Hence his jaunt Nottley—and always has. For one I am glad to see the Home Rulers come in from the political wild land and live on the reservation. They can do nothing outside of it but whoop and starve. Inside they will be useful in more ways than one.

world of good. Seven times in one night he awoke on the train bathed in perspiration, imagining that the noise and motion of the train was another quake. It will be a long, long time before the nerves of the people of San Francisco recover. Just imagine what must be the feelings of those doctors in a hospital, where there was just time to carry out the patients who could be cured, and who were obliged to chloroform those who were doomed to die anyway and could not even be carried from the building. Think what must be their feelings, even though they acted for the best and their action is approved by every one. Think what a state their nerves must be in, and also realize that thousands of other people passed through fully as horrible experiences. Nerves! It's a wonder the people have any left. And mind you, I haven't told you anything at all."

# COMMERCIAL NEWS

Of course everything gives way to sugar in Hawaii, and so the most significant commercial feature of the week has been the continued advance in the price of this staple. The last quotations cabled are for 96 degree test centrifugals, 3.75 cents; per ton, \$75.00; 88 analysis beets, 8s 5¼d; per ton, \$76.20. This upward tendency has been very noticeable for several weeks past, and the new crop coming in does not seem to have any effect in lowering prices.

There is still, however, a noticeable slackness in the local share market, although a few more sales were recorded during the week than in the period preceding. These were principally between board sales, and the stock most in demand was Ewa, the price of which remained at the same figure that it has been quoted for a long time past. Sales for the week were:

Ewa, 124 at 23.625, 10 at 23.625, 190 at 23.625, 30 at 23.625, 100 at 23.625; McBryde, 20 at 6; Kihel, 50 at 8; Olau, 7 at 2.50; Onomea, 50 at 32.50; C. Brewer & Co., 8 at 375; Oahu Sugar Co., 40 at 97.50; O. R. & L. Co. at 88; Ookala, 100 at 5.50.

The following dividends have been paid: Hawaiian Sugar Co., 1½ per cent.; Oahu Sugar Co., ½ per cent.; O. R. & L. Co., ½ per cent.; Pepeecko, 1 per cent.

## THE NAHIKU RUBBER COMPANY.

The report of the secretary for the Nahiku Rubber Company, whose plantations are on the Island of Maui, gives most encouraging prospects for this new industry. It has been demonstrated that the trees will grow well in the location selected for them, and with the trees growing of course the crop is only a matter of waiting and proper handling. The secretary of the company, Mr. F. T. P. Waterhouse, says in his report that the matter of the best variety of trees to plant has been gone into very thoroughly, and expresses as the deliberate opinion of the investigators that the variety known as Ceara is much better adapted to Island conditions than the Hevea. The Ceara will give early and profitable returns, while it will take the Hevea trees at least twenty years to bring their product into the market. And twenty years is a long time. The report says: "We figure that by the end of this planting season there will be about six hundred acres planted."

In connection with the cultivation of rubber, it will be interesting to note that the larger plantations in other parts of the world are beginning to look with favor upon the cutting down and desiccation of entire trees to get the product, as is done with the camphor tree, instead of merely tapping for the sap—or the juice that is the pure rubber. With a large acreage and constant replanting, this system is said to give much more satisfactory results to stockholders.

(Continued on Page 8.)

# .. LITTLE TALKS ..

MR. ACHI—Money talks. I have nothing to say.  
JACK LUCAS—I have yet to see the first dollar I ever got from graft.  
DR. M'GREW—The kind of politics they have around here make me sick.  
GEORGE LYCURGUS—Forty-one people at the Volcano House the other morning. How's that?  
BERT PETERSON—It looks as though Sarah Bernhardt got the double cross of the Legion of Honor.  
JUDGE DOLE—Honolulu people do not begin to realize the scenic and climatic attractions of these islands.  
MANAGER HEERTSCHE—It looks like a good tourist season ahead. A lot of our old customers are coming back.  
T. W. HOBSON—Wahiaawa astonished me. Say, but that reservoir would be a good place to run motor boats in.  
A. M. BROWN—Hello, Jack Lucas! You trying to stand in with the Advertiser? Better cut it out. It is no good.  
POP SPITZER—It is almost impossible to get goods in my line from San Francisco. Dietz the jeweler says the same thing.  
CECIL BROWN—There is no use in trying to settle the Campbell estate lands near Wahiaawa until the problem of water supply has been solved.  
E. A. DOUTHITT—I think that the beast that has been depleting the Kaimuki hen-roosts is nothing more or less than a domestic cat run wild.  
HUGH V. TREVENEN—It's a remarkable thing the number of mental matchsafes we lose from the bar. Some people seem to have a perfect mania for collecting such bric-a-brac.  
E. E. WINTHROP—I noticed one thing in the recent club election in the Tenth of the Fifth. Lots of natives refrained from voting for E. C. Brown for Treasurer, being under the impression that it was A. M. Brown who was running for the office.  
E. C. BROWN—A Hawaiian at the Friday night meeting of the Tenth precinct of the Fourth district club, saw my name on the ticket and refused point-blank to vote for me. When asked why, he replied that he would not vote for Sheriff Brown. The laugh was on me, of course.  
W. L. SPICER—While the investigation fashion is in vogue it would be a good thing to investigate the Royal School and the Fort street bulkhead. The outside plaster on the school is coming off and the bulkhead is considerably cracked up on the outside. The inspector who passed these jobs must have been a peach.

HENRY HOSKINS—I've just come from Hilo and there is certainly something doing there. Harbormaster Fitzgerald has replaced the old whistling buoy by another which whistles a different tune. The first day the new buoy was put in place the Hiloites all visited the waterfront to listen to the fresh selection. It was quite an event in the old town.

## COUNTING A BILLION.

When Americans talk about "a billion dollars" or a "billionaire" they think of a "billion" as one thousand millions. The word "billion" was originally used in France to denote a million of millions—or one million raised to the second power. At that time figures were pointed off in series of six by the French, and when the custom of pointing off by threes came into existence the French transferred the meaning of billion to one thousand millions.

Ordinarily, today, the French do not use the word "billion" at all, but refer to the sum of one thousand millions as a "milliard." In England "billion" means a million of millions—the more consistent meaning, in view of the origin of the word.

In the following attempt to make the meaning of a billion more vivid, the English billion, of course, is referred to.

What is a billion, or, rather, what conception can we form of such a quantity? We may say that a billion is a million of millions, and can easily represent it thus: 1,000,000,000,000. But a schoolboy's calculation will show how entirely the mind is incapable of conceiving such numbers.

If a person were able to count at the rate of 200 in a minute, and to work without intermission twelve hours in the day, he would take to count a billion 6,944,444 days, or 19,325 years 319 days.

There are living creatures so minute that a hundred millions of them might be comprehended in the space of a cubic inch. They are supplied with organs and tissues, nourished by circulating fluids, which must consist of parts or atoms, in reckoning the size of which we must speak, not of billions, but per chance of billions of billions.

And what is a billion of billions? The number is a quadrillion, and can be easily represented thus: 1,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000; and the same schoolboy's calculation may be employed to show that to count a quadrillion at the rate of 200 in the minute would require all the inhabitants of the globe, supposing them to be a thousand millions, to count incessantly for 19,025,875 years, or more than 3000 times the period during which the human race has been supposed to be in existence.

Since these statistics—which are quoted from an old article by Professor Law, in Jameson's Journal—were prepared our idea of the age of the human race has very materially stretched. Six or seven thousand years hardly accounts for the development of the civilization of ancient Egypt.